SAN FRANCISCO BAY CHAPTER

Yodeler

Vol. XXIV No. 2
February, 1962

SHORELINES HERE, AFAR IN CONSERVATION SPOTLIGHT

Shoreline parks have been prominent in Conservation news during the past month. Welcome news comes from Marin County where the County Supervisors first voted against the larger acreage for Point Reyes National Seashore and then reconsidered and approved the project as described in the bill passed by the Senate and now before the House. This is encouraging evidence that Marin residents have really studied the project and are willing to speak up in favor of it.

Not so welcome is news of the dredging started on the inner side of the sandspit by Drake's Bay Estates, for fill and to form a small boat harbor. Protests have been made to the Army Engineers asking that this project be carefully scrutinized before a permit is granted, in view of the imminent action on the Park by Congress and also the changing outline of the coast at this point. The sandspit is quite a different size and shape today from its size when first surveyed and consequently there are title problems to be investigated.

Ano Nuevo Island is also in the news. (Note that there is an article on this island in the January issue of Pacific Discovery). This is a small rocky islet at the extreme south tip of San Mateo County. The Coast Guard has a lighthouse and dwellings on it but discontinued the station some years ago. As Federal land it was offered for sale and was bought by the State. Readers may remember that private interests suddenly offered the Federal Bureau of Land Management a much larger price than the State had expected. By law the State has to pay at least half the highest price offered, in order to obtain such land. So Ano Nuevo Island was an expensive addition to the State Park system but necessary to protect the State Park already on the adjacent beach south of the island.

The present plan of the State Dept. of Parks and Recreation is to lease island and

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THE PERILOUS TIMES OF A NEW YEAR BIRD

The holiday season was upon us, and we were trying to decide what we would do and where we would spend the New Year's weekend.

"Let's go to Ostrander Hut," said Doug. "I'll write to the Park Ranger for reservations right away."

"Sounds good to me," said Rex. "And how would you like to have a 20-lb. turkey for New Year's Eve dinner? They are giving me one at work, and I can't eat it all alone."

"Get a live one," I said, "and we will make him walk in with us."

"No, it will be 20 pounds dressed," said Rex. "Someone will have to carry it in. And then someone will have to stay in the hut and cook it. That will probably take all day."

"Why don't you cook it at home," said

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RTS AWARDED 1962 WHITE-WATER MEET

The River Touring Section has just received word that a long-sought prize—the sponsorship of the National Championships in white-water slalom and downriver kayak —has been awarded it by the American Canoe Association.

In order to accommodate the R.T.S., which is almost certainly the largest white-water group in the country, the ACA authorities split off the canoe event and assigned it to Eastern clubs. There are few canoes in this part of the country, largely because heavy water conditions require some kind of deck or covering, whereas Easterners prefer to cruise and race in traditional open canoes. In kayaks, however, Pacific and Rocky Mountain paddlers are predominant.

Formal acceptance awaits only final approval by the Club's directors, whereupon the Slalom committee of the R.T.S. can proceed to set up the races, probably on the same course, North Fork of the Feather River, where last year's Pacific Invitational races were held. This course was advertised as the toughest and most interesting ever set in the United States.

Approximate date: early July or late June. Watch the Yodeler for announcements.

—P.D.W.

MARGOT GWINN CHAIRMAN

At its first meeting, January 8, the new Executive Committee elected officers as its first item of business. The outcome: Margaret Gwinn, chairman; Ken Goodden, vice chairman; Phyllis Lindley, secretary; and Doug Peterson, Treasurer.

Carl Weisner tendered his resignation as a Committee member because of the pressure of other activities. Ed Morse was elected in his place. —J.W.

Sierra Club Yodeler

A publication of the San Francisco Bay Chapter. Address all communications to Yodeleditor, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4

For club members only, classified ads (private transactions), will be accepted at the rate of 35¢ per line of printed copy. The 'enterprise' rate is 70¢ per line. Persons submitting ads may compute their copy on the basis of approximately 7 words per line. Check must accompany copy. Commercial advertising is solicited. Please request rate card.

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LETTERS: Safety Again

Dear Sir:

I was interested in Len Flicker's recent letter to the Yodeler suggesting a compilation of accident information by the Club. Mr. Flicker is a nationally recognized expert in accident prevention. His advice should carry considerable weight.

The Club has not yet adopted a practical, sensible approach to the growing problem of accident prevention in its outdoor activities. It is axiomatic in the safety field that hiding accidents under the rug accomplishes less than nothing. The intelligent and dedicated people who guide the Club activities are blinding themselves by refusing to use the only dependable measure of the problem—the record of accident experience.

I am not among the more active outdoorsmen in the Club. Yet, in the last year, I was on a snowshoe trip where a man died; an outing where a fall produced a broken ankle and wrist; and a knapsack trip during which a man was lost for several hours. The leaders in each case were among the best in the Club—and yet each incident brought up problems and questions which had to be met, as they certainly were met in the past years by other leaders. The tragedy lies in having to repeat the whole procedure from the causes producing the accident to the search and rescue and cleanup, with no improvement over the last time.

Members will argue that publishing accident information will aid the newspapers and give comfort to enemies of the Club. An internal publication would be sufficient. The real need is for complete reporting of accidents and near misses; analysis of the information; and dissemination of the findings to members engaging in any activity.

There is an old saying that experience is a good teacher, but the tuition is high. How much more costly is our method, which won't even use the lessons of experience?

Frank Williams
2423 Webster,
Berkeley 5

Editor's Note: There are liability problems involved which have led our possibly too cautious directors absolutely to forbid club editors from reporting accidents outside the framework of an official announcement.

WORD FROM JOHN BOMBAY

(Here is a note from former RTS Chairman John Bombay, sentenced to at least 18 months' exile from California. John is building reactors in Oak Ridge, Tennessee.)

Dear Yodeleditor:

Thank you, friends of the R.T.S., for your good wishes at the holiday season. Some questioned me as to how the "flatlands" looked out here. Well I tell you, they are lush and green from early Spring till late summer, with wildflowers in abundance. In fall, all leaves turn into bright autumn colors, and it is breathtaking to stand on top of these mountains looking down into these "vista-color" valleys. Historical sites and homesteads are aplenty all over this part of the country and many old country roads are a pleasure to drive along leisurely by car or bicycle.

The Smoky Mountain Hiking Club has kindly invited me on their outings and get-togethers, and I have been with them on their pleasant informal hikes, for which I am very grateful. The latest was up to the "Charlie's Bunion" peak, approximately 5,000 feet, from which we could overlook the Tennessee and North Carolina parts of the Smokies, with peaks of 6,000 feet around us.

The hike went along fast-running creeks and waterfalls up the steep slopes till we reached the Appalachian Trail at the top, and then we took another trail back to the car after luncheing on top of a cliff. The fall colors were beautiful.

Several small rivers run out of these mountains, and I had a ball with my "Roger Paris" kayak in a run through the canyon of the Little River on the north slope of the mountains. Sometimes I did wonder if I shouldn't have got a kayak with a hinge in the middle! The river reminded me much of the San Lorenzo, near Santa Cruz—lush foliage, rocky course. I sure did need every steering stroke and brace I knew—but made it without any punctures of the hull.

A small black bear along the shore was very surprised to see that daredevil in a red wet-suit coming down this roaring river in his small bright yellow boat. I had no chance to stop and pat him on the head.

I hope to enjoy some skiing this winter when the ski slope opens here, about 70 miles from Oak Ridge in the Smokies.

To summarize: It ain't flat here!

Greetings,

John Bombay

P.S. It is sad but all they know here about the Sierra Club is that we are conservationists! Outdoor activists, please raise your voices!

REQUEST FOR HELP

Sierra Club
1050 Mills Tower
San Francisco

324 Ada St.
Boise, Idaho
Oct. 13, 1961

Dear Sirs:

In June of next summer we are striking out from Elk City, Idaho, on a hike through the Primitive area. We hope that in Aug. of next summer we will arrive in Stanley, Idaho.

We are aspiring rock climbers and we are hoping that in these 250 seldom traveled miles we may encounter a few unclimbed, at least unrecorded, mountains, pinnacles, cliffs, and what have you. Therefore, we would like to know of all the ascents and expeditions that the Sierra Club has on record for the area between the Salmon on the north, the Big Horn on the east, Stanley on the south and Chamberlain & Big Creek on the west. Also any descriptive and/or informative material that these records and reports may contain would be invaluable to us. We hope that you can help us.

Sincerely,

George Ball
Victor Kovalesky

Ed. note: Those having such information, please send to the writers directly at the above address.

Obituary

Tom Gibson, knapsacker and hiker, died December 26, 1961 - a great person who will be missed by all who knew him.

ARIZONA GYPSY TOURS

DESERT WILDFLOWER tour in and around Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument March 18-31

NAVAJO-HOPI tour - Canyon de Chelly, Window Rock, Oak Creek Canyon and seven additional features - June 10-23

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HOW NOT TO MISS THE CONFERENCE BUS

It is not too early to call or write Ken Goodden, (GA 1-2505), co-ordinator for the chartered bus arranged for the benefit of members attending the biennial I & E Conference on April 7 and 8. Santa Barbara will be beautiful in April, and the Los Padres Chapter is hard at work to make our visit a pleasant occasion.

Our bus will originate in Vallejo, where it will be available for members from neighboring Redwood and Mother Lode chapters. Stops will be made in Berkeley and San Francisco for Bay Chapter members, and, at some point to be determined later, for the convenience of Loma Prietans. Fare will be approximately $12.50 per person, round trip, the bus to depart Friday night April 6 and return Sunday afternoon, April 8. Departure time has not yet been determined, but the trip is estimated to take about 7 hours from San Francisco to Santa Barbara.

Further details will appear in your Yodeler as plans are completed. Avoid disappointment by making plans early.

Hasse Bunnelle
Council Representative

AUDUBON SCHOLARSHIPS

Golden Gate Branch of the National Audubon Society will award five half-scholarships to teachers, youth and recreation leaders, for outdoor nature study at the society's 1962 summer camp at Sugar Bowl Lodge near Donner Summit in the Sierra.

For information, write Fred Nora, chairman of Audubon Camp scholarship committee, 2535 Regent St., Berkeley 4, before April 1.

Scholarship winners may attend any one of the five two-week camp sessions, between June 24 and Sept. 1. Each half-scholarship is worth $55 of the $110 camp fee.

MARCH 11—HIKING - Change of Location. Please note that the Sunday hike of March 11, scheduled for Mt. Stakes, has been changed to Red Mountain in the same general vicinity. Meeting place and starting time the same; however, TOM JONES will lead instead of BILL BANCROFT. ETHEL UNSELF (JU 4-6207) is the co-ordinator.

FEB. 10-12: SNOWSHOEING - Change of Plans. The Mystery Scouting Trip, which was billed as two nights of snowcamping, has gone soft. The offer of a cabin at Echo Lake was just too much to resist. We will leave our cars out on the highway and snowshoe in about three miles, carrying sleeping bags, air mattresses and food. Trip is limited to 15, having had experience knapsacking on snowshoes. Call leader Phyllis Lindley, for additional information.

STEWART FALLS HIKE

Stewart Falls, a little-known beauty spot in the hills surrounding the Valley of the Moon, were viewed by more than 75 members and guests of Redwood Chapter on a January outing. The falls are about two miles off Highway 12 near Glen Ellen on the historic Bouverie Ranch. The ranch itself is a beauty spot with a portion of the house and garden wall remaining from the days of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, last of the Mexican military comandantes in California.

The deep pool below the falls and large caves behind them lent fascination to the scene though not much water was coming over, due to the scanty rainfall.

Nearly everyone continued on a longer hike, with the more adventurous hauling themselves up the steep canyon wall via a rope anchored by Bob Stephens, leader, Merrill Hugo and other gallants. After meeting the group that took the longer trail around, and eating lunch, Bob led the hikers through the hills above the falls. The trail passed a series of large "bathtubs", pools up to nine feet deep, and over a rock wall which again brought out the rope—this time looped around the body with a one-two-up you go!

The four-mile circle route brought out the usual discoveries, abandoned cabins brooding in ancient orchards, moss-covered dams, fauna and flora in abundance and weird rock formations. Manzanitas were already in bloom, though frost still crusted the ground in shady spots. Blue skies and bright sunshine helped to make it a hike to linger long in the memory.

—Anita Garrett

DIAMOND MOUNTAIN HIKE

Though it was the midst of the holiday season and the weather was cold and threatening, 17 hardy members found the time and fortitude to take the Diamond Mountain hike sponsored by the Redwood Chapter. The hike, starting at Bothe's State Park near Calistoga, was the first to be scouted and led by John Velton of Vallejo. Velton, until recently assistant city manager for Vallejo and conservation chairman for the Redwood Chapter, has since resigned both posts to devote his entire time to graduate studies at the University of California.

The route followed Ritchie Creek to a deserted farm, where a sudden lunchtime shower sent hikers scurrying to cover in the old buildings which were not exactly leak-proof. An impromptu smorgasbord spread in the open on an abandoned table was quickly moved into the shelter of a large redwood tree.

The leader managed to set a straight course for the summit, and to more distant goals. Unexpected beauty was discovered in the strange mosses, lichens, toadstools and other fungi which appeared like miniature forests from the planet Mars.

New bark of unusually large manzanita trees glowed like red satin among the somber evergreens, and the oaks and maples had spread a brown and gold carpet of rustling leaves underfoot. The hike was about 10 miles long, with some rough going to provide adventure and a fine, wide trail on the home stretch which brought everyone back to the starting point just as the early winter dusk settled down.

—Anita Garrett

THE GEOLOGY OF A CITY AND ITS PENINSULA

The Natural Science Section Field Trip of November 5, devoted to a study of the geology of San Francisco and its peninsula, was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable trip. Fifty-three souls with lunches, jugs, books, knapsacks, jackets, cameras, and Lord knows what else jammed the bus. Mr. Julius Schlocker of the U.S. Geological Survey gave the almost continuous talk on geologic features with interesting historical commentary sprinkled in. He is to be commended for the interesting trip he made for us, and also his willingness to answer questions and talk himself hoarse. We were blessed with a beautiful day, a nice bus and a most patient and cheerful bus driver.

Our route was from the San Francisco Sears parking lot to the view point north of the Golden Gate Bridge overlooking Ft. Baker; then back through San Francisco along the Great Highway to Mussel Rock; south along the coast to Half Moon Bay; over Pilarcitos Creek Road to the Skyline; thence via Crystal Springs Lakes to San Francisco.

From the Marin side of the Golden Gate the geologic structure of San Francisco was described. There is a north-west - southeast trending anticline (upfold or arch of rock strata) between Alcatraz and Telegraph Hill. There is a syncline (trough shaped fold in the rocks) from the middle of Angel Island to Tiburon. There is also a syncline along Columbus Avenue. There are a series of folds across San Francisco.

The cliffs above Mussel Rock was our lunch site. We had a magnificent view of the ships going into the Golden Gate. There are cracks across the old road leading into the area. These are the result of movements in an active landslide area. The San Andreas fault zone passes out to sea just north of Mussel Rock. It reenters the land at Bolinas.

Traveling south we were driving along old marine terraces, former beach levels. These, having good soil, are extensively farmed. At Half Moon Bay we turned up the Pilarcitos Creek road to the Skyline. That led us to Crystal Springs Lakes, which lie in the San Andreas fault zone. Crystal Springs Dam which was built in 1888 was once one of the largest concrete dams in the world. Though the surface break of the 1906 earthquake lies one thousand feet west of the dam, it was not damaged.

We ended up in the Mission fill area, which is quite extensive. There is very noticeable subsidence, especially of the buildings, along Clara and Shipley Streets between 4th and 6th Streets. The swamp area was filled in but the mud was not removed. Compaction and the loss of water from the muds have produced subsidence so that first floors are practically basement floors.

—Patricia M. Bauer

SNOWSHOERS AT ECHO

What makes a perfect weekend? Ask the 27 snowshoers who spent January 13 and 14 at the Alpine Club's Echo Summit Lodge. Congenial company, ideal weather, good food would surely be the most important components. After a three-week dry spell it finally snowed all day and night Friday. By Saturday morning the mountains, trees, trails and Echo Lakes were covered with the fluffiest powder snow imaginable. As for the temperature, it was neither crisp nor cool nor chilly, but just plain COLD — 4 degrees to be exact.

Francis Bellin led us on a brisk hike through the deserted camp sites and resort areas, part way around the lake. Needless to say, our lunch stop was brief. Returning in the early afternoon, we loafed in the comfortable living room, fascinated by the fantastic view. Snowcapped Freel Peak playing hide and seek in the clouds — dusk creeping over Lake Tahoe — automobiles on U.S. 50 far, far below — the red lights of Tahoe airport accenting the eerie effect of the predominant greyness.

Sunday lived up to its name. Cloudless blue sky and toasty warm sun — relatively warm, anyway. Our destination was mysterious Lake Audrion. Mysterious in the sense that if you asked anyone where it was, the reply would be: "Oh, over on the other side of the road" — and that covers a great deal of ground. To this writer's utter amazement we found it! After a leisurely lunch at the lodge, we said reluctant goodbyes and sincere thank-yous to Alpine Club members Al & Ev Tunzie and our hosts Jay & Maxine Hill, returning to our workaday world with memories of the most pleasant kind.

—Ruth Kaufman

SNOWSHOERS FIND FEW BIRDS

The second annual winter birding snowshoe trip in Yosemite was a roaring success again, except for the paucity of birds. The eleven eager snowshoe-birdwatchers found clear skies and warm weather for a leisurely hike Saturday to Big Meadow and lots of snow en route Peregoy Meadow Sunday, after a songful campfire at Camp 4 Saturday night.

But where were the birds? Even robins (208 were there last year) were conspicuous by their absence. Numerous western bluebirds and a wonderful performance from a dipper in full song at dusk saved the day Saturday, while Sunday's highlight was the discovery of fifteen pine grosbeaks feeding on red fir needles and looking most handsome with the brilliant red of the males set off against the chartreuse of staghorn lichen. Other than that, we can scarcely claim that our excuse for going to the mountains was to watch birds.

Consensus was to try again next year!

—Phyllis Lindley

A DESERT PROJECT

Those who know the Colorado Desert will be interested in the project of the Boyd Institute for study of desert conditions, biology, and economic problems. This is being set up on 10,000 acres of desert land, ranging from sea leavel to 4000 feet, about sixteen miles south of Palm Springs. The University of Califonia and the Bureau of Land Management have cooperated in obtaining the land. The objective is, of course, increased human use of the desert as a result of understanding its conditions and its biology. One-third of this earth is arid and nearly empty of population. The Institute will attract scientists from many countries, such as Israel, where proper use of the desert is a matter of life and death. This was the subject of the weekly broadcast by the University Explorer on Sunday, Jan. 21, under the title "The Fragile Desert." Copies can be obtained by sending 10¢ in coin to the University Explorer at U.S. in Berkeley, or in Los Angeles, asking them for the talk by the title. The speaker admitted the paradox that more study of the untouched desert would mean less and less unexploited desert, but at least this section of our finest and most varied desert will be safe from subdivisions.

—C.M.C.

S. F. DINNERS

Future San Francisco Dinner Meetings are to be held on the last Thursday of every month at the Golden Gate Yacht Club . . . watch the YODELER for program announcemens and telephone number to call for reservations. There will be no meeting in February, because of Washington's birthday holiday weekend conflict. The next meeting will be on March 29. Mark your calendar NOW!

EAST BAY DINNERS

On Wednesday, February 14, Al Hartzell will be showing his slides taken in Oregon of good and bad procedures in forestry and also various geological formations. Al is an excellent photographer and his program should prove informative and entertaining.

On Wednesday, February 28, Frank S. Cummings will show another of his colored movies of the Navajo Indians and the Four Corners Country. Frank has shown us two of his Indian pictures and we are in for another treat.

Both meetings are at Willard Jr. High School, Telegraph and Ward, in Berkeley. Program begins at 7:30 p.m. Everybody welcome — late-comer donations accepted.

YODELER APOLOGIZES . . .
BECAUSE WE WERE SO SHORT ON THE JANUARY ISSUE, MANY NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS HAD TO BE DELAYED UNTIL FEBRUARY.

DICK LEONARD TO LEAD RCS 30-YEAR REUNION

Thirty years of Sierra Club rock climbing will be celebrated at a reunion climb and dinner Saturday, March 24. The San Francisco Bay Chapter Rock Climbing Committee and Dick Leonard, founder of the section, are attempting to contact all past Club climbers to invite them to go "on belay" once again for an afternoon of climbing at Cragmont Park. Later, hose who survive the experience, and also those who fear that their technique may have slipped too much to climb, will gather at the Brazilian Room for a traditional Climbers' dinner. Tattered clothes, worn boots, and climbers' stories are prerequisites for admission. Food will be plain but plentiful, and garlic bread will be featured. Dick Leonard will show color movies of early climbs, some dramatically inclined climbers are plotting a skit, and the newer members are prepared to listen to boasts and brags with attention and respect.

In March of 1932, technical rock climbing was in its infancy. To provide evidence to the Sierra Club Board of Directors that climbing was a proper club activity Dick Leonard and several other club members formed the Cragmont Climbing Club. By November the Directors were convinced that technical climbing could be both safe and enjoyable, and the CCC became the Rock Climbing Section.

During the Section's thirty years of activity, techniques and equipment were developed that made ascents of previously unchallenged faces and spires almost commonplace. During the war, the knowledge of section members formed the basis of the Army Mountain Troops' training. Since the war, the new generations of club climbers have continued the endless effort to surpass the accomplishments of the past and to train yet succeeding generations.

To all climbers and friends we extend our invitation to join the celebration. Reservation post cards will be mailed to all climbers whose addresses can be found. Those whom we may not reach can make reservations with any member of the Rock Climbing Committee. —Ed Morse

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MOUNTAINEERING NOTES: Required(Almost)Reading

One cannot learn mountaineering in its entirety merely by reading books. However, to be fully proficient in the art and sport of mountaineering a climber should know something of what has gone before - both in accomplishments and in development of techniques. Many of the books on the subject are primarily of entertainment value alone. This, too, is good. From the best of the tremendous body of mountaineering literature both high entertainment value and invaluable information are available. The few books intended specifically as textbooks most mountaineers will also find entertaining.

The more reading you do, the better off you are, remembering, of course, that reading is only a supplement to, and not a substitute for, actual climbing on rock faces, on ice and snow slopes or other routes to varying kinds of summits. Also, some allowance must be made for improvements made in equipment, belaying techniques, food and the like.

We should like to mention here for your guidance a list of several books well worth your time. First, a text-book—the finest yet written on the subject. Entertaining to read, highly informative, almost a must for any climber or would-be climber is "Mountaineering — The Freedom of the Hills", a collective effort by the Seattle Mountaineers, edited by Harvey Manning.

A next step would be "On Climbing" by Charles Evans. This book presents many practical ideas on equipment and advice on climbing techniques for the mountaineer who is progressing beyond his basic training. Evans' climbing reminiscences, including his experiences as a novice, are enjoyable.

The development and climbs of a great mountaineer, including revealing comments of the psychological effects of a difficult climb on the members of a party and their relations with each other; the meaning of mountains to the author (and to some extent all mountaineers); successes and failures on many climbs varying in difficulty from easy to impossible — all done with the touch of a master writer: "On High Hills" by Geoffrey Winthrop Young is a must for all who climb or wish to climb.

Not strictly mountaineering, but an attempt to search out reasons for men to seek adventure in its varying forms, whether it be exploration in the polar regions or uncharted seas, skin-diving, mountaineering, or any other form: a recent book by Wilfred Noyce, a prominent British mountaineer, "The Springs of Adventure" is well worth a serious reading.

"Lonely Challenge" by Herman Buhl is the story of the development of a great climber who climaxed his accomplishments with a solo ascent of Nanga Parbat, one of the most difficult of the Himalayan giants, finishing with an unsheltered bivouac at 26,000 feet.

"Mountain World", a biennial publication, discusses in some detail the accomplishments of the previous two years in the field, and contains outstanding photography. To keep up with what has been happening and developing in mountaineering, this should be read.

There are numerous other books discussing ascents of mountains, easy and difficult, techniques of climbing, or the pleasures of being in the mountains. We will mention some of these occasionally with the hope that you will find the time to read some of them and broaden your knowledge and interest in the history and literature of mountaineering.

—Francis Walcott

Will Siri will lead a Mountaineering Section discussion group on high altitude physiology and nutrition, Wednesday, February 14 at 7:30 p.m., Rotary Natural Science Center, Lake Merritt, Oakland.

FOR SALE—Zeiss Maximar 9x12 cm camera, ground glass back, film pack adapter, cut film holders, $30.
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TOM ELLIOTT GA 1-8823

Shorelines (Cont.)

buildings to the Stanford Research Institute, which has proposed to set up a Marine Biological Station there for research on biology, weather, and other atmospheric problems. An aerial tramway or cable barge would connect island to mainland, and there would have to be restriction on public access and use. The Sierra Club Conservation Committee discussed the plan and voted to ask the Department and the State Park Commission for more detailed plans. At the same time it recommended to the Board of Directors that they uphold the policy that a park bought with public funds cannot properly be restricted by leasing to special interests even if those are educational and non-profit.

North of the Russian River, we hear that the State has now acquired 340 acres adjacent to Fort Ross State Park. Our informant says this includes the Call ranch, the store at the Fort, and one, possibly two, very attractive coves along the ocean front which were once the loading points for shipping. We will ask our good friend John McKensie, Superintendant of Fort Ross State Park, to send us more information which we will report later.

Far from California, other shorelines are important to their own states. Senator Hart has introduced a bill (S.2153) to preserve two large beach parks in Michigan. The Great Lakes Chapter of the Sierra Club appears to be supporting these projects with enthusiasm. The southern half of Michigan stands like a hand, with thumb pointing into Lake Huron, and about where the little finger would be is a long stretch of sandy cut-over land along the shore of Lake Michigan. This is the Sleeping Bear Dunes, thirty-six miles, 77,000 acreas, including small South Manitou Island. (By the way, the map of the Great Lakes shows the name Manitou many times. Can anyone tell us what it means?) Part of this area is already a State Park, and it is much used as seasonal vacation country. Farther north, where Michigan State forms the south shore of Lake Superior, is the area known as the Pictured Rocks. 67,000 acres, with fine sand beaches. This is Hiawatha country, of great historical interest, and is also proposed as a State Park in Senator Hart's bill. —C.M.C.

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Perilous Times (Cont.)

Doug. "If you do that, I will carry it in to Ostrander Lake."

Innocent enough as this discussion appeared, it was the beginning of much worry and bickering by the nine members of our party, for we soon discovered that a well-roasted turkey is much harder to watch over than an uncooked one. Like money, it seemed to bring out the evil characteristics in the members of our party. An otherwise quiet and harmonious group became one filled with suspicion and deception.

The first object of our suspicion was Doug. We had scarcely reached Ostrander Hut when, forgetting our gratitude to Doug for carrying in this huge turkey, we all began pointing fingers of suspicion at him.

Those who have hiked with Doug know that he can and will carry anything he can get into his Budd Davis pack and still keep ahead of his party. "Why was he not at the hut yet?" we wondered. "Could it be that he had stopped here to have a drumstick, there to have a bit of white meat."

No one stopped to consider that in his usual manner, Doug was stopping along the way to take pictures. As panic came upon us, a few went out to see if they could find the turkey. They soon returned not only with the turkey but also with Doug. And behind Doug, always with an eye upon him and his Budd Davis pack, was John Siroff. Thus at no time was the turkey in any real danger. To our shame, we had suspected Doug of ulterior motives in offering to carry in this huge fowl. And Doug had admirably resisted all temptations. It is not known what effect John's watchful eye had in preserving Doug's integrity.

You would think that now all of our troubles were over—that it was necessary just to keep the turkey in a cool place until the next evening. And Rex had found a cool and "safe" place to keep the turkey. But to our shock, the next morning the turkey could not be found. Again Ostrander Hut was filled with dissension. Suspicious fingers were pointing at everyone. One clue to the culprit was found. Where the turkey had been placed for safekeeping were Tom Peacock's mittens. This bit of circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to him. But Tom vigorously insisted he was innocent, arguing that the mittens were planted there to remove suspicion from the true culprit. But even as he was arguing his innocence, Ola, when searching the sleeping bags in the second floor cots, came upon the turkey in Tom's sleeping bag. Yet in spite of this new evidence, Tom insisted he was "framed". However, being overjoyed at having found our New Year's Eve dinner again, we did not press our charges.

Feeling that the turkey would be safe so long as Tom was within sight, a group of us took Tom with us as we went exploring the surrounding country that day. When we returned that afternoon, Rex again went for the turkey, this time to prepare it for our dinner, when to his utter shock he found wrapped in the place of the turkey a woolen shirt, a pair of sox, and a pair of mittens. The owner of these garments was immediately identified, but he too insisted he was framed. A new mystery was upon us. We had left Ola, Kay Peacock, and Joan Lucas to guard the turkey. Could it be that these three innocent-appearing and usually trustworthy young ladies had betrayed us and had stolen the turkey? We searched and searched for it, and finally found it hidden, again on the second floor. A party of nine, and apparently eight of them were crooks!

But we had found the turkey, and now for quick action before anything else happened to it! Get it into the oven as soon as possible!

And so in a short time dinner was served. Before us was a 20-lb turkey with sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce, tossed salad, fruit cake for dessert, and tea or coffee. All was forgiven and harmony reigned in Ostrander Hut as we celebrated the end of a joyous year and made way for the next.

And perhaps all the accusations thrown around during this weekend were false and unfounded. The little turkey that the nine of us could not eat for dinner, we wrapped up and put away for our lunches the next day. That night Rex was awakened by rustling of aluminum foil, and upon investigation he found a marten trying to make off with the remainder of the turkey. Could it be, as Tom explained, that it was the marten who had hidden the turkey in Tom's sleeping bag, and that it was he who had planted the woolen shirt in place of the turkey? The question is now academic—the New Year's turkey has been eaten.

—Ike Eikrem